

Nations Will Quarrel Despite Leagues and Conferences, Says Dr. Plumley.

AS GREEDY AS HUMANS!

Conditions in Europe Cited to Show Thin Crust on Which Peace Walks.

WAR LESSONS IGNORED

Civilization at Stake Many Times in Bloody Conflict and Thus Progresses.

By CHARLES A. PLUMLEY, President of Norwich University, the Military College of Vermont.

TWENTY-SIX years ago the 25th day of June next I delivered at Norwich University a commencement oration entitled "The End of War." Graduating from an essentially military college after four years of intensive training, I was sure I knew what war meant, and how it might be avoided.

After six months of strenuous work spent in study, research and preparation, I had written what I considered a most convincing thesis against war and in favor of the submission to arbitration of all war engendering difficulties which might arise between States and nations, and with the confidence and assurance of youth offered this theory as a sensible solution of the problem and a most potent specific for war. How well I remember the occasion! With what fervor and enthusiasm I worked myself up to the logical conclusion which permitted me to quote as the last word in argument that beautiful stanza from Longfellow:

"Peace! No longer from its brazen portals
The blast of war's great organ
shakes the skies,
But beautiful and sweet as songs of the immortals
The holy melodies of love arise."

Certainly this was a consummation devoutly to be wished! How strongly it appealed to my youthful imagination! It seems but yesterday that I made myself believe that there could be and would be no more war forever, and became convinced that all questions involving war between nations could be settled judicially and without resort to force or arms.

Sinking of the Maine Killed His Pacificist Theories

Thereafter whenever I had opportunity I took occasion to express such opinion, I regret to say, until there came a day and an event—the 15th of February, 1898, and the tragedy of the battleship Maine in Havana harbor—when I saw my beautiful pacificist, humanitarian theories knocked higher than Gilead's kite; sensed the real measure of the love which underlies the veneer of our civilization; saw my "crisped ideas" shattered and made untenable, and realized how inadequate and ineffectual was the specific I had offered for the disease with which humanity was afflicted. It was a cruel, cruel, but most effective awakening from my dream, yet I have always been glad that I knew enough to see, realize and to admit that I had been asleep and in the wrong. I learned my lesson and have never forgotten it. I am neither a militarist nor a pacifist. I am an American, and as such, with every rational and conscientious person the world over I join in the wish and the hope that there may never be another war. I am not so foolish, however, I hope, as to believe that my hopes will be realized or that my wishes will speedily come true. It is the sheerest nonsense to say to talk about a world at peace, for there is no peace.

You may dream of the day when wars shall cease; it does no harm, and every effort to bring about a realization of such a dream, so long as it does not strip us of our defenses, develop a condition of unpreparedness, is commendable and deserves our support, but I say to you that while you dream the grim reality stares you in the face, that if we are to have universal peace we must be prepared to fight for and to maintain it.

Nobody wants war. A pretty broad statement, but I will let it stand. As a general proposition it is true. "As a civilized people we desire peace, but the only peace worth having is obtained by instant readiness to fight when wronged, not by unwillingness to fight at all. Intelligent foresight in preparation and known capacity to stand well in battle are the surest safeguards against war. America will cease to be a great nation whenever her young men cease to present energy, endurance and endurance as well as the wish and the power to fight the nation's foes."

Must Be Able to Stand Up for Rights, Individual and National

"No citizen of a free state should wrong any man, but it is not enough merely to refrain from infringing on the rights of others; he must also be able and willing to stand up for his own rights and those of his country against all comers, and he must be ready at any time to do his full share in resisting either malice domestic, or foreign levy." Good old fashioned, rock ribbed American doctrine sometime jointly expounded by Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Lodge, I remember aright. Anyway the man does not live who can state the American ideal more clearly, or emphasize more emphatically the duty which it is ours to perform.

I say again, I have no patience with the attitude of those pacifists who for selfish and political purposes seem ready to strip this country of its necessary defenses and rubbishly throw into the junk heap all of the

Views on War Have Changed



CHARLES A. PLUMLEY.

plans which have been so carefully worked out to insure us a safe, reasonable and justifiable amount of military preparedness.

If the world war taught them anything, it should have taught them that such action on their part is folly; indeed a crime against civilization. There is neither justification nor excuse for our ever again being found in a state of unpreparedness for war.

Sick and tired of war as we are we have not forgotten what the policy of the pacifists and the lack of preparedness cost us in lives and treasure, and we will not forget. We are opposed to war, or anything which looks like another war, but the average citizen is just as bitterly opposed to anything and everything which looks like such a willful lack of preparedness as that

with which we were confronted at that date when we were to have been prepared to have entered and to have then ended the war.

Hear me, when I say that experience has taught that in a republic the due cultivation of proper military discipline among the great mass of the people and a general diffusion of military information always have been, are now, and always will be, indispensable necessary for the preservation of this Government.

Road to Universal Peace Is by a Tortuous Pathway

We dream of the day when swords shall be laid aside and our weapons turned into plowshares and pruning hooks, but the road to universal peace is a tortuous path which

leads "down the dark future through long generations," involving the Christianization of the world—an end devoutly to be sought and eventually to be obtained—but obviously, ages hence.

The American people should not be lulled into any false sense of security by reason of what has been accomplished by the conference on disarmament. We must not take too much for granted. No plan has been promulgated which will change human nature, or bring about the millennium, by contract. No covenant which has ever been made or will ever be entered into between and among nations will prove a perfect panacea for or perfect preventive of war. No league of nations, parliament of the world, or even public opinion itself will always secure a permanent peace. Neither you nor I, our children, grandchildren or great-grandchildren will live long enough to see the day when it will be unnecessary to maintain a sufficient force to guarantee our safety and to keep the peace.

Free Nations Maintain by Force Till Force Is No Longer Needed

Speaking of our dream of the peace that is to be, was it not President Eliot who said that such things are to-day pleasing, imaginary goals for a distant future just as they have been already for a hundred years? Such public liberties as already exist in the world have been obtained by force, by resistance to oppression, and they must be maintained for generations to come in the same way. It is for the free nations of the world, including the United States, to maintain them by force until they can be safely maintained without force. You may not believe in signs, but you are bound to admit that signs as there are to-day point to no such fundamental changes in government as to warrant any expectation that human nature has changed one scintilla, or that the dawn of peace is near at hand.

You and I know, as has been well said, that nations are only men in the aggregate; they are the aggregation of his crimes and his virtues, his pravity, and so long as these constitute the basis of individual impulse so long will they control the acts of nations. When the merchant arbitrates with a customer he is about to cheat; when trusts arbitrate with the people they are about to fleece; when the bulls and bears arbitrate with the lumps they are about to shear; when the thief arbitrates with the man he is about to rob or the murderer with his victim, and so on throughout the category of crime, then will arbitration be able to realize the Utopian dream of the pacifists.

Why is it necessary to argue that the pronouncements of any parliament of the world, international tribunal, league of nations, or conference, by whatever name it may be called, are not worth the paper on which they are written, except for the fact that back of them lies the power of

force? found in a dominant naval and military force? Why talk about the inviolability of a contract when war impends? The waste paper basket of the world is filled with "scraps of paper."

We must never forget that it is the respect for our power of enforcement that makes it possible for us to administer law not the language of the law itself, the parchment on which it is written, or the names of the signatory powers thereto appended.

Cry Martial Law Till Hoarse. Troops Must Enforce It

You may proclaim martial law until you are hoarse and have nothing but your troops for your pains, unless you have the troops at hand to carry out your orders. It pays to prepare. As between individuals, no also between States and nations differences will always arise which are provocative of and can only be decided by a resort to the use of force. The individual and national law breaker, robber, thief, rape fiend and murderer we will always have with us! Between good and evil there will always be war to the death! The fight is never ending and always new. Why not face the truth? The truth shall make us free!

Everybody knows that no man dares prophesy what may happen in Europe, Asia or Africa to-morrow. The world war was an awful catastrophe. Are you sure that another does not impend? We are not so far away or so new that we should not take note of the fact that the countries of the Old World are, figuratively speaking, sitting on top of a thin crust of earth, which hides but does not conceal from them, or us, the fact that beneath them there is laid a perfect network of mines and powder magazines with fuses already attached. None of them know what action may generate just the necessary friction to cause the terrific explosion which will shake the world's foundations and jar it to its very center.

Statesmen talk at great length and with apparent competency, but tremble lest they betray some secret or violate some pledge, or say something which may plunge their countries into the maelstrom of war. The problems with which they are confronted are stupendous in magnitude, while the dangers that threaten are altogether too apparent to be imaginary. Even the most ardent individual will always keep their right hand on the hilt of their sword. When principle or honor is at stake no man or nation is entitled to live who is not willing to fight to maintain them. Arbitration is not a perfect specific or alternative for war.

In the administration of Government, "difficulty often arises in the attempt to carefully apply the principles of justice to the facts of the case."

Voluntarily have been written and speeches many hours in length delivered which do not so effectively or effectively define the attitude of all liberty loving, law abiding, peaceful persons as did that great Democrat when, in replying to a memorial from the British House of Commons in favor of submitting to arbitration all questions of international dispute, he said: "I promise you a faithful and careful consideration of the matter, and I believe I may speak for the American people in giving the assurance that they are in accord with your wish to see the kind of peace for the accomplishment of national ambition abolished, and that they will gladly hand the deciding factor in the settlement of national disputes so far as this is consistent with the defense and protection of our country's territory, and with the maintenance of our national honor, when it affords a shelter and refuge for nations who are unable to protect their safety and protection of our citizens." A complete, perfect and sufficient answer.

Changes in the Church Due to "Live Wire" Ministers

REV. HENRY C. OFFERMAN.
THERE has been much talk in recent years of the meager recompense given to ministers today. I would like to state definitely right here that every pastor has a great deal more income than his salary. Among other fallacious rumors circulating among the laity is the one that to-day's preachers are "out of touch" creatures. A better class of happy, everyday, "full of fun" live wire, up to date men than the present day ministers would be hard to find. Another falsehood is the thought that only old men take a hand in the work of the laity of the church. Look into the churches and you will see on the directorates, the board of trustees, &c., young men of progress. If you look closely you will see that practically every church has a "live wire" minister in it, one who is being directed by the spirit of the young people.

Protestant Church Progressing: Shows New Shoots of Life

Now as to the outward greatness of the church. That is to-day's tendency. On all sides there are emerging several thoughts and truths of importance. On these, some day, all Protestantism will stand together. Many people who live by statistics study them to-day and are appalled by the seemingly slow growth of membership in the Protestant church throughout the world. Those who are in any way in touch with the central drama of church life know that the church is progressing and is progressing mightily. It is a marvel before our eyes to see so many of our down-trodden congregations who a few years ago were wavering between existence or death sprouting with new shoots of spiritual life. Also it is a marvel

Hudson Maxim, "will be the human nature of to-morrow, and the human nature of to-morrow will be in all essentials the same as it was in ancient Rome, Persia and Egypt, and even in the palmy days of sea sunk Atlantis."

This does not necessarily mean that civilization is a failure, for as has been so well said by President Nicholas Murray Butler: "Several times the history of this world has hung on the point of a spear. Each time the overruling Providence which guides and makes history has seen to it that the solution was toward the greater freedom, the greater progress, the greater liberty, the greater enrichment of man."

If men and nations are engaged in a blind struggle for material gain, for mere conquest, for revenge, for future privileges, then what is going on is in high degree a manifestation of bestiality in man. It is on the other hand, the struggle for the establishment on the largest possible scale in the securest possible way of those institutions and opportunities which make man free, then the contest rises to the sublime. In this latter case every contestant on behalf of such a cause is a hero, and every one who offers his life and his strength and his substance is a sincere lover of his kind."

Civilization Hangs in Balance And Must Be Fought For

The fate of civilization has always hung in the balance. There are certain ideals of civilization which cannot be destroyed. Throughout the ages we have fought and striven onward and upward to establish and to maintain justice, mercy and liberty and we will ever fight to maintain them, to the end that the largest measure of happiness may be enjoyed by all. But it has been a fight!

Our victory over Germany and her allies has once more demonstrated the fact that might alone does not make right. Right will always triumph in its might. It is unwise, however, not to be prepared.

The progress of humanity throughout the centuries is marked by the bloody battlefields which have made possible our achievements, and so it will ever be. Civilization in itself comprehends a struggle to advance; the opposition it meets must be overcome. The arts of peace will not always prevail. Nations, more than individuals, will always keep their right hand on the hilt of their sword. When principle or honor is at stake no man or nation is entitled to live who is not willing to fight to maintain them. Arbitration is not a perfect specific or alternative for war.

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Perhaps Its Only a Habit, but the "New York Smile" Has a Way of Sticking

BETWEEN the exodus of patrons of cheap restaurants and that of the expensive kind there is about an hour at dinner time, and that hour is a busy one for the traffic cop at Forty-second street and Broadway.

He has to hold back on the curb thousands of the former who are going to the theaters firmly resolved to be in their seats when the curtain rises. If he holds them back longer than they think necessary for safety they sulk and make nasty remarks. At least half of them cherish a grudge against him on general principles.

And before he has got these people safely over the stream of motors, taxis and other kinds arrive in every direction. The people in them are not more patient over delay.

"Is it smiles they give me?" said the traffic cop, repeating a question asked him. "It is not. The smile fades off when they get here, for if there's anything the American objects to it's the 'bein' held up."

Watching the crowds mass at this center of the truth of what he said was demonstrated. As the people came down the block singly, in couples, in groups, most of them were laughing, smiling, and the few that were silent were a smile. But they grew silent, laughs died out and smiles faded when the time came to cross the busy street. At that instant an observer would have had reason to say that the typical American is a "grouch."

Everybody in London Is Glum Nowadays

Once over, smiles, laughs, loud chat return and one would have to reverse this hasty judgment. A wider observation is necessary before one can say whether or not New Yorkers are a smiling, happy people.

In London a critic has lately said that everybody nowadays is glum, that all go about their business without a trace of a smile. As far away from London as Kansas City is critics are saying the same thing. Smiles don't stick, these observers say, on the Kansas face now. Why? There are advanced certain realists who insist that a little later, meanwhile the inquiry settles about New York: Are its citizens naturally depressed or joyful?

View the throngs on Fifth avenue and the crowds on Broadway. Here and there one detects among them a face marked by care to an expression of despondency, but it is the exception. Nearly everybody looks pleasant and many seem to be really happy. If the day is bright happiness is distinctly abroad and even when rain is falling and other weather conditions are unfavorable one is apt to overhear scraps of gay conversation, to see smiling faces, and if for a moment all other sounds were to be suddenly hushed except laughter then the streets of New York would still have plenty of noise.

Yes, the London look and the Kansas City expression may be downcast—we do not say that they are—but the New York glance is gay.

Taken as a Joke by New Yorkers To Be Deprived of Anything

New Yorkers take things they are deprived of as a joke. They are entitled to them, but they laugh about these failures. Take the subway for a gross instance: how many persons really complain of the crowds and the inconveniences they are compelled to endure, except whimsically. In his heart the genuine New Yorker is secretly proud of the fact that wherever he is going, by whatever conveyance, there are twice as many people as ought to be going the same way, too. It fixes in his mind the immensity of his city.

All progress in New York is a head-on collision. You can't get on anything without pushing aside somebody who is trying to get on. You can't go up any stair without meeting somebody coming down. Life in the city is just one locking of horns after another.

But do New Yorkers cry about these

ever-present annoyances? They do not. They laugh.

Take prohibition. Roughly, it may be estimated that fully half of New York would like a glass of beer with a trifle more than the permitted alcoholic body, and many do not like to be deprived of a glass of vin ordinaire or red ink at dinner. Not to have these little soothers of life might be expected to dampen the metropolitan spirit. But it doesn't. It starts going the risible. How many bad jokes have been cracked in prohibition's name! And they are still cracking.

Perhaps the New Yorker makes a debtor and creditor list of his blessings and his curses and still finds that his balance is good. This keeps him cheerful. When the balance falls the other way he may show a different face.

Can't Buy Cigarettes in London After 9 o'clock at Night

For in London the prohibited things go much farther than they do in New York, and this may account for that sad London look now being commented on. Everything there is sold, it seems, only within certain hours, and before and after these hours nobody can get what he wants no matter how badly he wants it. After 9 o'clock a smoker who has neglected to fill his cigarette case can't buy a cigarette. He may look at them as they repose in a tobacconist's case, but if he tries to buy a package his money isn't good. There's a "bobby" nearby keeping his eyes open for illicit sales. The foolish smoker must go to the wise one and borrow, or else turn into bed—smokeless.

Londoners on the way to business are in too much of a hurry to put on an ingratiating look and on their way home after business hours they are usually too indifferent. As a class they are apt to wear at all times a mask of coldness and lack of interest. Sometimes the mask takes on lines indicating depression of spirits, but this is not general. In truth the true London look is a self-satisfied look, made up of equal parts of complacency and indifference.

New Yorkers are not like that. They are not cold, they are not too self-satisfied and they are only partially satisfied. They are interested in their neighbors. As a rule they study the faces of the strangers about them. The reason for this is that New Yorkers do not want to miss any fun that may be going. And every stranger is a potential funmaker. As soon as one of these strangers shows signs of being entertaining the New Yorkers in his vicinity will do all in their power to aid and abet him. This is why the prevailing New York look is one where a smile may be seen just dawning or just disappearing. It is very seldom overcast, and then but temporarily. Smiles come quickly, and usually they stick.

New Yorkers May Look Sad When Kansas Crusade Reaches Them

But will this cheerful state prevail when a few more of the citizen's innocent habits are interfered with? What is happening in Kansas may be emulated in the East. Out there a public official or a school teacher who uses that filthy weed tobacco is under suspicion, and if he does not reform, in private as well as openly, he is very apt to lose his job. Out there the cigarette is rapidly becoming taboo. Out there a strenuous woman is conducting a brisk campaign against tobacco which has brought and is bringing sorrow to numerous hearths. No wonder the Kansan is a knight of rueful countenance as he sees his little pleasures one by one being taken away from him.

New York, Kansas City yet. It smiles at the news from there: it laughs at the idea that prohibition is about to be extended to include everything. New York will not believe in awful things so long as they keep half a continent away. It has among other habits one of smiling. Therefore it smiles.

Admiral Peary Arranged Details of Own Memorial

MY father arranged the details of the memorial which has just been erected to his memory only a short time before his death," said Mrs. E. H. Stafford (Marie Aneghito Peary) in an interview just after the recent ceremony in honor of Admiral Robert E. Peary at Arlington National Cemetery.

"It was just another example of the clear foresight he used all through his career. Only a week or two before he died he detailed to us the sort of marking stone he preferred for his resting place when at last he was forced to realize that his time with us was drawing to an end. He had never before met an obstacle against which his will and attention to detail were futile. He somehow couldn't understand it, but he took this occasion to leave many final instructions.

"A short while before, when Vilhjalmur Stefansson—whom he greatly admired and who despite the disparity of their ages was held as a great friend—when Stefansson came back from the Arctic my father wanted to be present to welcome him. Our physician counseled against it, for pernicious anemia was already making serious inroads on his rugged constitution. But Dad would not listen. He left a sickbed and appeared to pay his tribute to this illustrious successor of his. After the welcoming ceremony he was photographed with Stefansson and Major Greely on the steps of the Geographic Society's quarters. That was his last public appearance. There wasn't any more chance to pit his will against circumstances.

The National Geographic Society, according to Mrs. Stafford, defrayed the cost of the memorial which, after the plans of the explorer, was made in the form of a huge granite globe, incised to show the land and water masses of the earth, and marked at the North Pole with a bronze star. At the unveiling the monument was draped with the frayed remnants of the flag which Peary had carried to the top of the world.

"This flag is usually shown at the National Museum in the case with the explorer's sledge and many other of his belongings and trophies," went on the explorer's daughter. "They were splendid to lend it for the occasion, and we were hardly less touched by the spirit which supplied the Navy Jack which draped the base of the memorial. It was produced by a quiet, very earnest old man, who, with it under his arm and assisted that it be used too. He said that it was the flag which Wilkes had carried with him on his voyage of discovery to the Antarctic. The ones in charge, to whom the old man came, did not know him, but were certain that he was a survivor of that original expedition. The flag was as well as he wished, and I am sure that his father would have been affected by such touching devotion."

Mrs. Stafford, popularly known as the "Snow Baby" because she was born at 77.44 north latitude, expressed her appreciation of the tribute paid by the great explorer by the presence of President and Mrs. Harding, ex-President Taft, Secretary Hughes, Secretary Weeks and Secretary Denby, who delivered a brief but moving eulogy. Mr. Juseander and many other notables joined in honoring the memory of the discoverer of the Pole.

"Amundsen wanted to come, too, and fly over the cemetery in the plane he is taking to the North with him this spring, but he was held in New York by arrangements for his trip," she said. "It makes us all so proud and happy to have seen how high Dad had stood in the hearts of so many."

Next Sunday, May 7, The New York Herald

will publish The True Spirit of Practical Education

An important article that every parent should read

by CHARLES ALEXANDER RICHMOND, LL. D., President of Union College.